



H. L. McNamara
If it is good hardware McNamara
has it.

Children's Coughs—Children's Colds Both Are Serious.
When one of your little ones shows symptoms of an approaching Cold, give it Dr. Bell's *Pin-It-Honey* at once. It acts quickly, and prevents the Cold growing worse. Very hoarse—scalloths the Lungs, loosens the mucus, strengthens the system. It's guaranteed. Only 25c. at your Drug-Store. Buy a bottle today.
Bucklen's Arnica Salve for Sores.

"Rabbit" Maranville, the speedy and astute shortstop of the Boston Braves, is an ingenious little cuss, according to Bert Whaling. Maranville, it seems, is the first athlete to discover that the human stomach is as valuable as the human baseball. When other players have struggled for rocky road catching the ball in their hands and utterly ignoring their stomachs, but not so with Maranville. He has learned to tackle the ball. The "Rabbit" plays as hard and as firmly against his really little point at a point just below his diaphragm, and with great precision and accuracy, and with the descending motion of a hammer and follow-through, he publicly laughs at Maranville when he broke into the big league because of his peculiar manner of catching a

and, read the Want Ads.

What kind of Christmas toy?

"THE HOUSE OF PURITY"
THE PLACE WHERE NO CANDIES ARE
EXPOSED.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

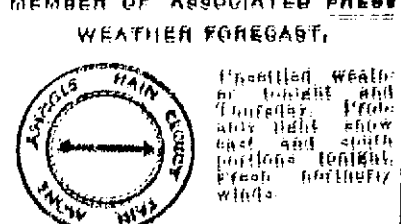
The Janesville Gazette

New Bldg. 200-201 E. Milwaukee St.

BUSINESS OFFICE OPEN SATURDAY EVENING.

MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS

WEATHER FORECAST.



Forecasted weather for the week ending December 13, 1914. The weather is expected to be cloudy with occasional showers of rain or snow. The temperature will range from 30 to 40 degrees Fahrenheit.

The Janesville Gazette is published daily except on Sundays and holidays. It is owned and published by the Janesville Gazette Co., 200-201 E. Milwaukee St., Janesville, Wis.

DAILY EDITION
 THIRTEEN PAGES
 (One Year) \$1.00
 (Six Months) \$0.50
 (Three Months) \$0.25
 (Single Copies) 5c

GAZETTE NOVEMBER CIRCULATION

Fourth circulation statement of the Janesville Gazette for November, 1914.

Days	Copies	Total
Sunday	7,651	7,651
Monday	7,651	15,302
Tuesday	7,651	22,953
Wednesday	7,651	30,604
Thursday	7,651	38,255
Friday	7,651	45,906
Saturday	7,651	53,557
Sunday	7,651	61,208
Monday	7,651	68,859
Tuesday	7,651	76,510
Wednesday	7,651	84,161
Thursday	7,651	91,812
Friday	7,651	99,463
Saturday	7,651	107,114
Sunday	7,651	114,765
Total		184,197

Analysis of the circulation of the Janesville Gazette for November, 1914, shows a steady increase in readership throughout the month. The total circulation for the month was 184,197 copies.

Subscription and advertising rates for 1915 are as follows:

Subscription rates: One year, \$1.00; Six months, \$0.50; Three months, \$0.25; Single copies, 5c.

Advertising rates: One line, one week, \$0.25; One line, one month, \$0.75; One line, three months, \$2.00; One line, six months, \$3.50; One line, one year, \$6.00.

Special rates for large advertisements and classified advertising are available upon request.

My subscription expires July 29, 1915.

A PARTISAN DOCUMENT.

Analysis of the message read by President Wilson to Congress, Tuesday, marks this document as one of the most important in the history of the country. It is a document that will be read and studied for many years to come.

The President's message is a masterpiece of statesmanship. It is a document that will be read and studied for many years to come.

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OUR National Opportunity LESSON FOR AMERICA FROM THE WAR

THE BOOM IN THE KNITTING AND LEATHER INDUSTRIES.
 Manufacturing for domestic use has increased very greatly in volume since November 1, but European countries are still helping us, and will keep on turning in big orders.

Just as a specimen of what is coming from the authorities, the War Department has ordered that the army should have 4,000,000 pairs of socks, 1,000,000 yards of shirting, and 1,000,000 yards of uniform cloth. Orders for these goods have not been finally given out as yet.

In the meantime, the Drexler Knitting Co. of North Bend, Ohio, have been asked to divide among them an order for 400,000 dozen army socks. The South Bend Woolen Co. has been offered a contract for 25,000 blankets, to cost \$150,000.

From Hartford, Ill., comes news that a host of factories there have been ordered to divide among them an order for 1,000,000 pairs of extra heavy woolen socks, to be delivered in January. The Bradley Knitting Co. of Delavan, Wis., is working night and day

on a \$1,000,000 order for sweaters for English and French armies.

Knitting mills at Appleton, Wis., have orders from England amounting to \$50,000.

One Philadelphia blanket mill has a great order for 500,000 horse and bed blankets for European use.

Knitting mills in England means full capacity at least for all the factories. Plants that were running at only 25 per cent of normal a few weeks ago are now operating two shifts daily.

The harness and saddlery trade has also been greatly stimulated by European orders. The Studebaker corporation of South Bend is working on \$5,000,000 worth of harness ordered for the armies. Other orders for harness, wagons and sleighs total \$5,000,000 more.

Clinton, Iowa, has orders for about \$300,000 worth of artillery harness. A big order for harness is coming from the British army.

Working night and day, the Southern Saddle Co. plant at Chattanooga is running 24 hours a day making harness and saddles for the allies.

On the spur of the moment.

Phyllis, the erudite queen of the kitchen, the erudite queen of the kitchen, the erudite queen of the kitchen.

She's a really tame and she stands up to her heels in the kitchen.

She's well up in novels by Laura Jean Libbey.

And says what she thinks and she's not afraid to say it.

Concerning her household affairs, she turns up her nose at the clothes that were wearing.

And if we don't like it, she says she's not afraid to say it.

And when she's all over she's through with her labors.

She trades all the gossip with girls from the neighbors.

She's boss of the house from garret to cellar.

There's nothing at all in the world we can tell her.

She gives us to eat what she thinks we are needing.

And pays no attention to our views of feeding.

And never serves things by the book, but still, with her faults, Phyllis is a treasure.

To keep house without her would be a hard measure.

She's there with the smile that she brings from her kitchen.

And draws on a fund of good old Irish blarney.

And then she's a mighty good cook.

Signs of the Times.

Women will wear extremely short skirts next year, but just to illustrate the general poverty of things, the short skirts probably will cost more than the long ones.

The difference between a glorious victory and an ignominious defeat seems to be mainly the nationality of the person who writes the report.

A doctor advises that a garage should be taken every day for the winter. Scientists seem bound to take all the joy out of courtship.

It is growing more and more difficult to convert women accused of murder. If the women ever get on their feet, the result will be different. Then the men will all go free.

These New Ones.

Don't laugh about the women, boys, and poke fun at their styles; just like those new fall hats of men, that can be heard for miles.

Peculiar.

Women is a funny creature; there is not a doubt of that; wears a fur collar and feather on a twenty-cent hat.

And her little freaks of fancy are a damned nuisance. She will spend much money, she will spend much money, she will spend much money.

ness on a Missouri mule fed on Iowa corn, and plows his farm, covered by a Massachusetts mortgage, with an Indiana plow.

"At night he crawls under a New Jersey blanket and is kept awake by a Louisiana dog, the only home product on the place, and wonders why he keeps poor."

Moral: Patronize Home Industries. Spend your money where it will give you a market for what you grow, and thus make money and increase the value of your farm. This is public spirit and the highest form of patriotism.

CAN YOU AFFORD

To pass this offer up. I have just returned from Chicago and have orders to unload—and as an inducement to you, am making the following liberal prices:

With a \$20.00 Suit or Overcoat I give a silk vest or an extra trousers, value \$5.00

With a \$25.00 Suit or Overcoat I give a silk vest or an extra trousers, value \$7.00

With a \$30.00 Suit or Overcoat I give an extra trousers, value \$9.00

Now in case that you do not care for these gifts, but would prefer a discount, I will make a discount at 20 per cent so that

A \$20.00 Suit or Overcoat will cost you \$16.00

A \$25.00 Suit or Overcoat will cost you \$20.00

A \$30.00 Suit or Overcoat will cost you \$24.00

These woollens are the very latest in colors and weaves, consisting of blue serges plain and stripes, black unfinished woads and chevrons, pin checks, hair line stripes, etc., and made up faultlessly. The fit must be perfect or you are not to accept it. The linings I guarantee to wear as long as the coat does, or will relapse FREE. Its what you do not see that means the most—the canvas, and hair cloth must be of the best quality to insure against a coat front breaking—if mine ever breaks, even in two years, I will put you in a new front FREE. In fact any time that my goods fail to MAKE GOOD I WILL. Will you call and let me show you values greater than you have yet seen.

Suits and Overcoats, **ALLEN**

\$15 to \$35

56 S. Main Street.

MYERS THEATRE

TONIGHT

7:00 and 9:00 O'clock

THE FIRST AND ONLY AUTHENTIC PICTURES OF THE

European War

TAKEN BY EDWIN F. WEIGLE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, CHICAGO-TRIBUNE.

Showing Actual Fighting on the battlefields of Belgium.

50% of the proceeds devoted to the Belgian Red Cross Society.

MULLIN'S BIG INDOOR CIRCUS

In addition to War Pictures at each Performance

clory in the event of her death, with twenty million plans to get the mine's twenty million for his own.

The wonderful photography in the handling and taking of the figure of Hassam All sleeping by the fireplace, while scene after scene passes by him in review, is worthy of special note.

Seldom, if ever, has such clever double exposure work been recorded. The setting shifts. Hassam All is seen staring into the crystal where, written large, appears the word Zudora. He is startled, but he is also determined. His one fear is caused by the advent of the young lawyer, John Storm, in the life of his niece and ward Zudora. He has never told her of the inheritance that will be hers when she is eighteen. That will help.

And he recognizes also that he must under no circumstances be implicated in the girl's removal.

Leading her lover by the hand, Zudora comes to Hassam All. "This is John Storm, and I love him," she says innocently. "And I love your niece." Storm tells Hassam. Still armed, Hassam All pushes the young attorney from him. "Go! go!" he cries, and to Zudora he says: "You have always been interested in my mystical work, you have shown your ability, you have begged me to let you help, when detective cases were brought to me to solve. Now you may have your chance. The next twenty cases that come to me I will give to you to solve. If you solve them you may have this man John Storm. If you fail you must renounce him forever. That is what I have decided."

It was, indeed, what he, Hassam All, had decided. He had his upon this plan as the one safe and sure way of getting rid of Zudora without involving himself in any way, and it so happened that John Storm himself was the accused in the next case brought to Hassam All to be unraveled. Storm had been defending a case for the city. Opposed to him was a prominent lawyer named Blenreth, and the case became so interesting that the newspapers began featuring it. Storm had even had one of these papers in his hand when he came to John Storm from Hassam All. He was dumfounded when his sweetheart's uncle denounced him, and turned him away from the house. He did not know that he represented the very chance Hassam All had been awaiting for eighteen years.

After Storm has gone from the house, stoop shouldered, and for the moment disheartened, events move quickly across the screen. The ill-mannered acting, the clear photography, and the splendid arrangement of this reel will hold the audience spellbound. Storm is soon to slap Blenreth's face in the courtroom after the latter has made a particularly insulting speech.

"Meet me tonight at midnight—only one of us shall survive." That is written on the sheet slipped across the attorney's table. Storm goes home. Alone in his home, he practices with his revolver, between shots sipping a glass of water. "Only one of us shall survive." That telltale sheet of paper is found

by a reporter. An hour later the newspapers are full of the approaching duel. Zudora reads fearful that her sweetheart may be shot. Zudora, as soon as she reads the news, determines to prevent the duel. Putting a harmless but potent drug in her reticule, she goes on to Storm's home where she finds him practicing with his revolver. Into his glass of drinking water she pours the sleeping potion, and then leaves him. Too strong a man to yield to unnatural sleep without a fight he staggers into the open air and away.

When Blenreth is found dead in his room the time is placed on Storm. Where is John Storm? The police cannot find him. No one knows where he is. Suddenly the screen shows him staggering down a city street bareheaded, wild eyed. A newsboy approaches him, studies his picture in the paper, and then points out the resemblance to a policeman, who arrests the half-crazed wanderer. Zudora, hearing of it, knows that something must be wrong, that John Storm, the man she has learned to love, never could have committed a cowardly murder, and she rushes to her uncle, Hassam All, and begs that he be allowed to solve this mystery.

In discovering Blenreth's things Zudora examines some pencil marks on his collar. When Storm is brought in to the courtroom and formally charged with murder, she tries to explain to the court that she can clear Storm of guilt. Burns, Hassam All's confederate, puts a revolver against her neck, unseen by anyone. But his nerve fails him for she turns suddenly, apparently heedless of her danger, and takes a pencil from his waistcoat pocket.

The pencil marks she then makes on a sheet of paper to prove her contention to the crowd staring her. There is a strange similarity between those made by Burns' pencil and those on the spotted collar, and when court is adjourned, she persuades Burns to come home with her. She takes him at once to the room of mysteries and there, amid the strange weird lights and mystic whifflings, she hypnotizes the man. Meanwhile she has hidden two lawyers from the court, where they can hear Burns' story. Under her influence he confesses and tells how he killed Blenreth.

The picture changes. Hassam All is shown in his private apartments. He opens the wall by a secret spring, and a revolver is shown looking down into the room of mysteries. He listens intently, ready to shoot the moment Burns shows any signs of confessing the real secret which would involve him in the crime. Maddened by the revolving lights Burns makes a dash at them just before he reaches the fatal point at which Hassam All would have shot him. As he touches them a bolt of electricity leaps through his body. He falls to the floor dead, as the two lawyers concealed by Zudora, step into sight and congratulate her. "You have solved your first case," her uncle tells her, sourly.

Rehberg's



Now that the chilly blasts of winter are here in dead earnest one thinks of adequate protection. Come in and look over this overcoat stock of ours; hundreds of coats; all sizes, colors and weights, and the values are unusual at \$12.50, \$15.00 and \$17.00.

Amos Rehberg Co.

Janesville's Greatest Clothing and Shoe Store.

Corner Milwaukee and River Sts.

Overcoats

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DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS—But Grace Will Manage to Struggle Through It—

BY F. LEIPZIGER

The CALL of the CUMBERLANDS

BY CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
OF SCENES IN THE PLAY

Such as looked from their windows that morning saw an unexpected sight. When the car of Mr. Wilfred Lorton drove away from the city carrying the man whom they had hoped to see killed and the man they had hoped to see kill him. The two appeared to be in excellent spirits and thoroughly congenial as the car rolled out of sight, and the gentlemen who were left behind decided that in view of the circumstances, the "extraordinary spree" of last night had been so unadvertised into ancient history.

CHAPTER XII.

The second year of a new order brings fewer radical changes than the first. Samson's work began to forge out of the ranks of the ordinary and to show symptoms of a quality which would some day give it distinction. Heretofore his instructors had held him rigidly to the limitations of black and white, but now they took off the bonds and permitted him the colorful delight of attempting to express himself from the palette. It was like permitting a natural poet to leave prose and play with poetry.

One day Adrienne looked up from a sheet of his very creditable landscape studies and inquired suddenly: "Samson, are you a rich man or a poor one?"

"So rich," he told her, "that unless I can turn some of this into money within a year or two I shall have to go back to boeing again."

"You're kidding," she said. "Haven't it occurred to you," she demanded, "that in a way you are wasting your gifts? They were talking about you the other evening—several painters. They all said that you should be doing portraits."

The Kentucky smiled. His manner had been telling him the same thing. He had fallen in love with art through the appeal of the skies and hills. He had followed its call at the prompting of George Lescott, who painted only landscape. Portraiture seemed a less artistic form of expression. He said so.

"That may all be very true," she conceded, "but you can go on with your landscapes and let your portraits pay the way. And," she added, "I am very vain and moderately rich. I hereby commission you to paint me just as soon as you learn how."

Fatish had simply dropped out. But he had the truth of the conspiracy had been told, and he knew that his usefulness was ended and that well-learned professional would no longer open to his prodigious demands.

Sally had started to school. She had not anticipated that she would be so busy each day with the people of misery. She had not anticipated that she would be so busy each day with the people of misery.

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was ready to invent it in a finished condition. Often, as she posed, Wilfred Lorton idled in the studio with them, and often George Lescott came to enquire, and left without criticizing. The girl was impatient for the day when she, too, was to see the picture, concerning which the three men maintained so profound a secrecy. She knew that Samson was a painter who analyzed with his brush, and that his picture would show her not only features and expression, but the man's estimate of herself.

"Do you know," he said one day, coming out from behind his easel and studying her through half-closed eyes, "I never really began to know you until now? Analyzing you—studying you in this fashion, not by your words, but by your expression, your pose, the very unconscious essence of your personality—these things are illuminating."

"Although I am not painting you," she said with a smile, "I have been studying you, too. As you stand there before your canvas your own personality is revealed—and I have not been entirely unobservant myself."

"And under the X-ray scrutiny of this profound analysis," he said with a laugh, "do you like me?"

"Wait and see," she retorted. "At all events," she spoke gravely, "you must try to like me a little, because I am not what I was. The person that I am is largely the creature of your own fashioning. Of course you had very raw material to work with, and you can't make a silk purse of a sow's ear, but in time you may at least get me reconverted a little."

For the visible reason she flushed, and her next question came a trifle eagerly: "Do you mean I have influenced you?"

"Influenced me, Drennie?" he repeated. "You have done more than that. You have painted me out and painted me over."

She shook her head, and in her eyes danced a light of subtle coquetry. "There are things I have tried to do, and failed," she told him.

His eyes showed surprise. "Perhaps," he apologized, "I am dense, and you may have to tell me bluntly what I am to do. But you know that you have only to tell me."

For a moment she said nothing, then shook her head again. "Issue your orders," he insisted. "I am waiting to obey."

She hesitated again, then said: "Have your hair cut. It's the one uncivilized thing about you."

For an instant Samson's face hardened. "No," he said; "I don't care to do that."

"Oh, very well!" she laughed lightly. "In that event, of course, you shouldn't do it." But her smile faded, and after a moment he explained: "You see, it wouldn't do."

"I mean that I've got to keep something as it was to remind me of a prior claim on my life."

For an instant the girl's face clouded and she grew deeply troubled. "You don't mean," she asked, with an outburst of interest more vehement than she had meant to show, or realized she was showing—"you don't mean that you still adhere to ideas of the vendetta?" Then she broke off with a laugh, a rather nervous laugh.

"Of course not," she answered herself. "That would be too absurd!" "Would it?" asked Samson, simply. He glanced at his watch. "Two minutes up," he announced. "The model will please resume the pose. By the way, may I drive with you tomorrow afternoon?"

through the greenery like giants tearing off soft mud. Those were the people back there. He should be running with the wolf pack, not courting with bangles.

He had been telling himself that he was drifting like the lotus eaters. He had refused, and his unconfessed reason had been that in Paris he could not answer a sudden call. He would go back to them now and compel them to admit his leadership.

Then his eyes fell on the unfinished portrait of Adrienne. The face gazed at him with its grave sweetness; its fragrant subtlety and its fine-grained delicacy. Her pictured lips were silently arguing for the life he had found among strangers, and her victory would have been an easy one, but for the fact that just now his conscience seemed to be on the other side. Samson's civilization was two years old—a thin veneer over a century of feudalism—and now the century was thundering its call of blood bondage. But as the man struggled over the dilemma, the pendulum swung back. The hundred years had left, also, a heritage of quickness and bitterness to resent injury and injustice. His own people had cast him out. They had branded him as the desert; they felt no need of him or his counsel. Very well, let them have it so. His problem had been settled for him. His Gordian knot was cut.

Sally and his uncle alone had his address. This letter, casting him out, must have been authorized by them. Brother Spencer acting merely as amanuensis. They, too, had repudiated him—and if that were true, except for the graves of his parents, the hills had no tie to hold him.

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Maxim That Holds True.

"He dines not that eats alone," was a maxim which never fell upon dishonor. That we should notice similarity rather than differences, as we look backward, is but natural. The craving for well-cooked food is wholesome, and if the palate grows more delicate as the appetite becomes less gross the change is not peculiar to this country or that. As in poetry, so in food, the love of simplicity is the proof of a golden, if primitive, age.

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through the greenery like giants tearing off soft mud. Those were the people back there. He should be running with the wolf pack, not courting with bangles.

He had been telling himself that he was drifting like the lotus eaters. He had refused, and his unconfessed reason had been that in Paris he could not answer a sudden call. He would go back to them now and compel them to admit his leadership.

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Dinner Stories

A clergyman was traveling in a railway carriage with a team of golfers celebrating a victory by cir-

culating a whisky flask. "Do you know, sir," said the conscientious parson, "that I have never tasted a drop of whisky in all my life?"

"Well," said the bottle holder, "you're not going to begin now!"

A certain congressman's small son was very fond of attending matinees. Finally he decided that life was not worth living unless he had a pair of opera glasses. So he purchased them, on the installment plan, out of his allowance.

Three months later a friend of his father's met the boy on the street. "Well, Benjamin," he said, "are you enjoying the matinees now?"

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They Come High.

"My darling," she murmured, "you were so grand, so noble, when you proposed to me that day in the automobile! Shall I ever forget how touchingly you spoke of your future, of the sacrifices you would make for me? It must have cost you something to speak those words." "It did," Mabel, replied the young man, a shadow creeping over his face. "It cost me about two weeks' salary for the auto hire."

Paragon of Wives.

"Does your wife write you continually for coin?" "No; she's an excellent bridge player. Bless her little heart, she sent me \$10 this month on the rent money."

Resinol heals itching skins

RESINOL OINTMENT, with instantly, quickly and easily heals the most distressing cases of eczema, rash or other tormenting skin or scalp eruption, and clears away pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness and dandruff; when other treatments have proven only a waste of time and money. Beware of imitations.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap are sold by every druggist. Write Dept. K, Resinol, Baltimore, Md., for a free trial.

When the season was almost over a storekeeper in a small southern town put a lot of dollar shirts in the window at 75 cents.

"Say, what kind of business you call this?" asked an old colored woman. "Is that do way you try to make a liar out of yo' customers? After I been telling all de colored folks in de neighborhood dat I paid a dollar for dis shirtwaist, you come an' spoil my reputation for veracity. Las' time, I over wine to do business here."

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OCEAN SPRINGS BAY ST. LOUIS
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A corps of experts to repair your car—a full equipment of modern machinery—insures you perfect work here.

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Welds any kind of metal; special attention to automobile parts and crank cases. All kinds of auto repairing; expert mechanics; reasonable prices.

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JANESVILLE MAN'S LUCKY FIND

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